

296-6 to the  
P O E T I C A L  
E S S A Y S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

O R I G I N A L L Y W R O T E

Agreeable to the *Date*, subscribed to *Each*,  
at the Foot thereof.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, in the Year

M D C C L X X I V.

*Wm. D. Smith*  
*Wm. D. Smith*

POSTICAL  
ESSAYS

OF

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN

Agreeable to the Date, submitted to Black,

at the Foot thereof.



L O W D O W

Printed for the Author, in the Year

M DCC LXXIV.

## P R E F A C E.

*To the Candid Reader,*

**H**AVING sustained abundance of unkind, ungenerous, severe, and cruel ABUSE, from superstitious false Zealots, on account of the endeavours I have honestly and conscientiously used and pursued, in order to justify my own sincere conscientious conduct, respecting paying Tithes; and in order to become instrumental, in the exercise of the Talents given for improvement, in using just conscientious endeavours, to open the eyes of the understandings of such, who, may be justly said to have been, through superstition and the effects of enthusiasm, educated, in a blind compliance, with the superstitious rules of their ancestors, since the year 1675, when Robert Barclay wrote and published his *Apology for the true Christian Divinity*, there not being any mention therein of refusing to pay Tithes, as a Rule of Faith.

The violent, unchristian abuse sustained, having often much grieved my dear children, I have, very affectionately, sympathized with them in much affliction, which have induced me to thus publish some



*of my poetical Performances, wrote in my youth, (being now in my seventy-second year) in order to convince misled people of my principles in my youth, and through life, which I may say, in sincerity, and without vanity, has been conscientious throughout; and having been very early highly favoured, it hath been my concern to conscientiously use honest endeavours to improve the Talent given by the Divine Author, for such purpose, and I hope may be of advantage to many; and that by my constant pursuit, in the course of my duty, I may be instrumental in opening the eyes of the mentally blind, and of softening the hearts of the obdurate and obstinate, in superstition. So that in the honest discharge of conscientious duty, I may enjoy a well-founded hope of receiving, at the end of my Christian Race, the happy sentence of, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hath been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over more; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord:" and which happy sentence I wish for every sincere, honest giver-up to divine convictions, in their own Consciences; diligently comparing the Holy Scriptures, given by Inspiration.*

*These by a Rational Christian,*

*But no Quaker,*

Walworth,  
Nov. 3, 1784.

Thomas Crowley.



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# POETICAL ESSAYS.

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## MENTAL EJACULATION,

*Addressed to the SUPREME.*

**W**HAT though no objects strike upon the  
sight,

Thy sacred presence is an inward light;  
What though no sounds should penetrate the ear,  
To listening thought the voice of truth is clear;  
Sincere devotion needs no other shrine,  
The center of an humble soul is thine:  
There may I worship; and there may'st thou place  
Thy seat of mercy, and thy throne of grace;  
Yea fix, if Christ my advocate appear,  
The just tribunal of thy justice there.  
Let each vain thought, let each impure desire,  
Meet in thy wrath with a consuming fire:  
Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom,  
All wordly joys, and selfish pride consume;

Thou

Thou too can'st raise, though punishing for sin,  
 The joys of peaceful penitence within ;  
 Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet,  
 Thou mak'st our sufferings and salvation meet.  
 Befal me, therefore, whatsoe'er thou please,  
 Thy wounds are healing, and thy griefs give ease ;  
 Thou, like a true physician of the soul,  
 Applies the medicine that can make it whole ;  
 I'll do, I'll suffer, whatsoe'er thou wills,  
 I see thy aim thro' all these transient ills ;  
 'Tis to infuse a salutary grief !  
 To fit the mind for absolute relief,  
 'Till purg'd from every false and finite love,  
 Dead to the world, alive to things above ;  
 The soul renew'd, as in her first form'd youth,  
 Shall worship thee, in spirit and in truth.

Anno, 1734.

To MAY DRUMMOND, by One of his own Sa.

**D**EAR Drummond! run thy blest career,  
Teach us to know, and then to fear,  
The great immense supreme;  
Do thou, replete with heavenly light,  
Explain to our deluded sight,  
The high celestial scheme.  
Of errors dark, the wicked train,  
That fetters souls, do thou explain,  
And show unthinking youth;  
To fly from it's bewild'ring harms,  
And find with thee the beautiful charms,  
And loveliness of truth.  
Bravely to form the plan proceed,  
The shining path from incumbrance freed,  
Point out to general view;  
Engage all hearts within thy sphere,  
Internal dictates to revere,  
And learn how error grew.  
Thy own lov'd principle express,  
Array'd in it's peculiar dress,  
Entire majestic bright;  
One truth eternal uncompound,  
Where streaming joys do still abound.  
In pure exhaustless light.



One vital spring, that ever flows,  
One vine, where ev'ry virtue grows,

Immaculately pure;

One sure impregnable retreat,  
From ev'ry storm, from all defeat,

Infallibly secure.

The sacred steps, that gentle lead  
To where those solemn joys proceed,

Tho' by the few they're trod;

Yet say how pleasing, say how plain,  
Those happy few who conquest gain,

Find the commands of God:

How smooth his paths! how clear his laws!

How greatly glorious ev'ry cause!

That to his honour tends;

How cloath'd with solace, peace and love!

The obsequious mind does always prove

That evermore depends.

Teach grov'ling mortals thus to climb,

The heighth of glory, most sublime!

Where noblest trophies shine;

Where heavenly splendour takes it's birth;

And lifts the soul from dunghil-earth,

To treasures all divine.

Anno, 1736.

ACROSTIC

**ACROSTIC** *on my Sister's Name, who kept my  
House when a Batchelor?*

**S**EEK first the Kingdom of coelestial joy,  
**A**nd then thy peace no sorrow shall destroy;  
**R**iches nor pride let ne'er inflate thy mind,  
**A**lways be humble, and to heaven resign'd:  
**H**ereby be fixt thro' all the scenes of life,  
**C**onfort or sole, a happy maid or wife:  
**R**esume these contemplations ev'ry morn;  
**O**fferings of praise, as oft thy mind adorn,  
**W**ith giving thanks to him, whose bounteous aid  
**L**ets not thy pious courage be dismay'd;  
**E**nnobled thus, all needless fears evade,  
**Y**et fearing nothing, of himself afraid.

**THOMAS CROWLEY.**

*April 22, 1737.*

**B**

**INVO:**

## I N V O C A T I O N .

**O** Thou! the God, who high in heaven presides,  
 Whose eye o'er sees me, and whose wisdom guides;  
 Deal me that portion of content and rest,  
 That unknown health and peace, which suits me best;  
 Save me from all the guilt, and all the pain,  
 Which lust of pleasure brings, and lust of gain;  
 In tryal fix me, and in peril's shade,  
 'Gainst foes protect me, 'gainst my passions aid;  
 In wealth my guardian, and in want my guide,  
 Betwixt mean flattery, and drunken pride;  
 With life's more dear sensations warm my heart,  
 Transport to feel, benevolence to impart:  
 Each homefelt joy, each public duty send,  
 Make me and give me all things, in the friend;  
 But most protect and guard me in a mind,  
 Not rashly bold, nor abjectly resign'd;  
 And oh! when interest ev'ry virtue hides,  
 When error blinds, and prejudice misguides,  
 Alike thy grace, alike thy truth impart,  
 Beam on my soul, and triumph o'er my heart.  
 Thus let me live unheard of, or forgot,  
 My wealth, content, praise, silence, truth my lot;  
 Thy



Thy word, O God! my science and delight;  
 Task of my day, reflection of my night;  
 Thus taught, that he who suffers is but try'd,  
 And he who wanders still may find a guide.  
 Sanction with truth, reward with virtue join'd,  
 Life without end, and laws that reach the mind;  
 Happy the man who such a guide can take,  
 Whose character is never to forsake.  
 Oh! thou the source of uncreated light,  
 Hallow my lips, and guard me while I write;  
 Oh! judge, and guide, and guardian of my ways,  
 Test of my deeds, and umpire of my praise,  
 True to the clear, unbiafs'd, humble soul,  
 Who trembling, seeks thee as the steel it's pole.

THOMAS CROWLEY.

Anno. 1739.

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

**W**HEN the Almighty God, by power divine,  
 Created man, it's clear his great design,  
 As from his might and mercy we must guess,  
 Was his own glory, and man's happiness;  
 As means best suited to those happy ends,  
 And on whose proper use the whole depends;  
 The passions and affections of the soul  
 Were given, o'er which right reason to controul:  
 These right exerted and improved by grace,  
 Produce man's bliss, and fill up the great space  
 Of human happiness, designed for all,  
 Who fervently on their creator call.

Among the various principles and springs,  
 Implanted in the soul, there's none that brings  
 More social comfort, or more certain bliss,  
 Than source of friendship, call it that or this;  
 That secret spring that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn, supports true friends in unity:  
 From it's first small appearance in a child,  
 Mark how the seeds of friendship, tho' yet wild,  
 Shoot out in babes, while they together play,  
 And render them so lively and so gay:

So

So on in youth, of riper years, we find,  
 This principle fills more and more the mind;  
 See boys discovering in each others taste,  
 What suits their own, and therewith join in haste,  
 Some prone to that, and others prone to this,  
 Some will delight to sport, and some to kiss.  
 So others, with a solid bent of mind,  
 Learning and knowledge more and more to find;  
 Each has his fellow, and each has his bliss,  
 As kind companions follow that or this.  
 Observe still further, how this noble spring,  
 With mankind grows, and does more comfort bring,  
 As thoughts and actions in each other seen,  
 To correspond, in principle, have been;  
 Howbeit still further is our friendship fix'd,  
 By virtue, with religion duly mix'd;  
 When sublime thoughts discovering to each other,  
 Our best affections, as a friend or brother,  
 Are the support and basis of this spring;  
 Ennobled thus, much love and bliss does bring;  
 So higher still, and higher may that bliss  
 Be raised in man, by cultivating this.  
 The love inspired by the fairest sex,  
 Blest with good humour, that can never vex,

Till



'Till male and female mutually combine,  
 In love and virtue striving to outline :  
 Spontaneous bliss ! with happy offspring blest'd,  
 Who by each parent fondly are caress'd,  
 As virtue's prize, do still more firm unite,  
 Two friends in one, and gives each high delight.  
 So last of all is friendship perfect made,  
 With and by him whose lustre none can shade ;  
 As the pure soul, when freed from wickedness,  
 Becomes enamour'd with true holiness ;  
 For as this virtuous principle in the mind,  
 Draws and connects the affections of mankind,  
 To love each other in a high degree,  
 So still to add to man's felicity,  
 Does also tend to advance the soul's desire,  
 To be enamour'd with God's holy fire,  
 Which fire or word, with emanation bright,  
 Does leaven all whose hearts are truly right,  
 To it's own nature, building up in Christ,  
 Church militant, of Godlike members, whilst  
 Blest union and communion is enjoy'd  
 'Twixt souls and maker, ne'er to be cloy'd ;  
 In which last sense, the holy man who trod  
 True virtue's paths, was call'd the friend of God.

July 12, 1741,

THOMAS CROWLEY.

EXPOS:

EXPOSTULATION  
With an ATHEISTICAL INFIDEL

**T**Hrough times vast length, from all eternity,  
It must be granted, some first cause must be;  
For how could giddy chance, from hattoms hurl'd,  
Amidst the expanse, produce this beauteous world?  
Tell me O man! whoe'er thou art, who durst  
Dispute a Godhead, or his power distrust,  
Who made the stars, the sun, the moon, the earth?  
Who gave them laws, or gave their motion birth?  
What power, but infinite, could these erect,  
Or made to move, their constant course direct?  
Who made the earth productive of each grain;  
And seeds implanted, vegetate again?  
Who made each animal, and then endow'd,  
With powers best suited, or as best bestow'd?  
Who made man's body, and who made his mind,  
A thinking substance, to due bounds confin'd?  
Presumptuous fool! who dares a God deny,  
Can'st thou the movements of the soul defy?  
Tell how the body and the soul unite,  
Or how the eye the body doth enlight?

Of

Of mind and body, see the wond'rous frame,  
 Could chance, or matter, e'er produce the same!  
 No, no, 'tis madness, and impertinence,  
 To think that matter, or to say that chance,  
 Could e'er produce, or form so glorious plan,  
 As seen in nature, and as seen in man.  
 Amazed stand! then shrink into the dust,  
 Abhor thyself, and say the reason's just,  
 That God, who was before the world began,  
 Should govern all, and made both it and man,

THOMAS CROWLEY.

August 4, 1742:

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*An* A C R O S T I C P R A Y E R.

**H**Earken, O Lord; and hear me humbly pray,  
 I n fear and fervour, that thou may'st display  
 M ercy with grace, to o'erspread the humble mind,  
 W ith faith unmix'd, that my request may find,  
 I n thy compassion, full, a needful share,  
 L east I in vain should offer this my prayer.

**T**hou



T hou great Jehove ! the fountain of all blifs;  
 T each me, good Lord ! where I have done amifs;  
 H umble my heart, leaft I fhould foar above,  
 O ffers and tenders of thy peaceful love.  
 U nite my heart, yet more and more to thee;  
 P reserve my mind in pure tranquility.  
 R each forth thy wisdom, and impart thy grace,  
 E ach hallow'd virtue, of the christian race;  
 S end me, thy truth, ftrict juftice, and pure love,  
 E namour me with folace from above!  
 R eftore loft friendship, and reftore my friend,  
 V ex'd or disturb'd, as fuffered for fome end,  
 E ach caufe prevent that would divifion fend;  
 I n unity preferve, by grace uphold,  
 N ot too abjeft, nor yet too rashly bold.  
 P repare my heart to frequent charity,  
 E fpoufed thus the caufe of poor may be;  
 R eplete my mind with fervent hope and joy,  
 F ree me from pride, and let no luft annoy,  
 E ach error of the mind eradicate,  
 C leanfe thou my heart from fin, and recreate  
 T hy holy name, my conftant theme fhall be,  
 P rovided always, in foul fincerity.  
 E ngage my heart thy holy name to praife,  
 A nd thro' thy grace, true adoration raife.

Content me with the competency lent,  
 Enlarge my heart, if riches should be lent,  
 With generous views, and true benevolence,  
 Here with join also free beneficence.  
 O'n thee, my God, my safety I'll repose,  
 Send me my health, with peace, if I may choose;  
 Endue my mind with fortitude, and free  
 My heart from folly, or inconstancy.  
 Increase my knowledge, and enlarge my might,  
 Never forsake, or leave me day, or night;  
 Diffuse thy holy spirit more and more  
 Into my soul, that I may thee adore;  
 Secret and fervent let my prayers be,  
 Seeking the source of true felicity.  
 Try me, and prove me, if it be thy will,  
 Abstract ill passions, and preserve me still;  
 Yet let me live unenvied and lov'd,  
 Deal me true friends, untill I be remov'd,  
 On wings of joy, to Paradise above,  
 Ne'er more to grieve, but ever more with love  
 To sing and praise, and celebrate thy name,  
 Heaven's blest chorus joining in the same;  
 Each soul on earth, I wish this happy song,  
 Erecting praise amidst the blessed throng.

THOMAS CROWLEY.

*About the Year 1744.*

*To the Memory of ROBERT HENDERSON*  
*deceased, who departed this Life, February*  
*22, 1744-5.*

**E** A S ' D by recess of the meridian heat,  
 Where Phœbus's rays have left a cool retreat,  
 Sate in a grotto, near the warbler's tree,  
 Who sings in concert to my elegy ;  
 No wanton muse, here, I invoke to aid  
 My mournful song in Philomella's shade,  
 Gay, sprightly tunes, best suit a morning-song,  
 To evening subjects, graver tunes belong,  
 Heaven's first born muse ! assist me to rehearse,  
 And paint my sorrows, in elegiac verse ;  
 Celestial light ! inspire my heart to tell,  
 Vanquished by death ! how dear Alexis fell,  
 Bright emanation, of eternal light !  
 O ! teach me also of his life to write :  
 Sing heavenly muse ! sing of his life who fell,  
 A glorious victim ! mourn him Philomel !  
 His chearful life, whose innocence prevail'd,  
 And bad him live, yet death as chearful hail'd ;  
 His life how social, how serenely gay,  
 How sweet his converse, and how bright his play.



How steady to his trust, how fine his sense,  
 How justly, fitly, did he words dispence;  
 His spirit lively, and his soul sincere,  
 His words but few, and pleasing to the ear.  
 Pleas'd too, to hear, when sense display'd aright,  
 To entertain, inform, or give new light:  
 A friend to wit, in friendship always true,  
 Thus mirth, with innocence, did oft insue.  
 His manners winning, and his mind upright,  
 Deportment steady, easy, and polite:  
 In virtue's paths, he steadily pursued,  
 And shew'd the wisdom which his soul endued.  
 No ostentation told us he was good,  
 Yet all his actions shew us how he stood;  
 Firm in the faith, that all things here below,  
 Are fit disposed, which him suffic'd to know;  
 Contented thus, his lot he calmly bore,  
 And frequent study'd nature to explore.  
 The pearl of price he found, and made his choice,  
 Which taught his soul to hark to wisdom's voice,  
 Instruction learnt, he hoarded in his heart,  
 And from it's councils would he not depart:  
 Pleas'd to inform, and pleas'd to be inform'd,  
 To chear the soul, and raise the hope forlorn'd,  
 To

To comfort all, to cherish social fire,  
 And pleas'd our souls, with friendship to inspire !  
 Thus liv'd Alexis, and thus died my friend !  
 Beyond his exit ; now my song attend :  
 His purer part, no time, or chance can change,  
 The clay interr'd, his soul above doth range ;  
 Got from it's cage, his spirit takes a flight,  
 With guardian angels, to the realms of light ;  
 There rest dear shade, while we our loss deplore,  
 We mourn thy absence, while our souls adore !  
 The loss is ours, thy lot's eternal gain !  
 No impious wish, shall fetch thee back again.  
 Yet nature's weak, and sorrows melt the soul,  
 While drops effulgent down our cheeks do roll :  
 All friends unite to mourn our loss below,  
 As o'er his grave, our friendly tears do flow.  
 The soul thus melted, then it's reason's part,  
 To raise the spirits, and to cheer the heart.  
 He's gone, 'tis true, we see him here no more ;  
 Nor how he triumphs ! can we yet explore ;  
 No more his converse can we hope below,  
 No more such favours will he here bestow ;  
 Yet, yet, relent not, let our grief abate,  
 He's gone to bliss, our sufferings to relate ;

Perhaps

Perhaps, now guardian to his friends, has sang  
 The song of Moses, and the song of Lamb.  
 Coelestial host ! with songs, now hail him home,  
 And bid him welcome to the heavenly dome.  
 O ! shade Ætherial ! guard us while we live !  
 O ! heaven ! shew mercy, and our faults forgive ;  
 Learn us to live, as once Alexis taught ;  
 Learn us to die, with fortitude full fraught.  
 Thus when thou puts a period to our breath,  
 Resign'd to thee, we'll meet the arms of death ;  
 Our souls unfetter'd from this earthly clay,  
 Shall view the regions of eternal day.  
 Then send Alexis ! cloth'd with heavenly might,  
 To hail us onwards to eternal light !  
 Thus let us hasten to the realms above !  
 And seek his friendship, and his ancient love.

THOMAS CROWLEY.

May 25, 1745.

THE END.





